

# Behind Enemy Lines

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Summary: An Invasion leaves Selco stranded in contested Territory. will he survive?

## 1. Beginnings

Staff Sergeant Selco walked down the path to the Barracks. Selco was a man in his early forties, with short cut brown hair, and dark brown eyes. He had the air of a man who had seen things that no man should have to see, but always came back for more.

As Selco walked through the doors to the barracks, a young marine crashed into him. Clearly a new recruit, the marine got to his feet, and Saluted

"I'm so sorry sir!"

Selco considered the man standing before him. He was about 20, and looked like he had never seen anything more unpleasant than a martini glass that was empty.

"Marine, Do you see any Bars or Stars on my Uniform?"

The marine, clearly unsettled, shook his head slowly.

"Then why would you Call me Sir? Are you a fool, or just so confident in your abilities that you don't think it necessary to obey the military customs?"

The marine was looking thoroughly terrified now, opened his mouth to say something.

"Don't speak back to me, Private! Now get out of my sights right now!"

The young private turned, and bolted back the way he had come, as though hell itself was on his heels.

Selco stared after the young private. They were growing more arrogant these days. One would think, with the covenant practically knocking on the door, they might learn some humility. He walked into the mess, looking for the first sergeant for some orders, but found the mess deserted. He looked at the noticeboards, checking for news. Yet again, nothing. There had been no new orders or news posted for over a week now, as if there had been an uneasy standstill in the war. He turned to leave, only to run into a man standing there. There was a thwack, and a stab of pain, and then staff sergeant Selco knew no more.

\* \* \*

>Staff Sergeant Selco came to in what he recognized as the C.O's office. As he gazed around, he saw photo's of people, as well as many papers in stacks near a long full filing cabinet. He became aware of voices coming from the next room. He heard the general's voice, as well as two others he didn't know.<p><p>

"Really colonel, I don't understand why you thought such force was necessary. Simon's been in the marines over 10 years, and-"

Selco started as he realized they were talking about him. He listened back in. a different voice was talking now.

"-that all caution should be taken. He was only knocked out, and Smith caught him well before he hit the ground."

At this, a confirmation from the second voice spewed forth.

"I don't approve of this, gentlemen, but there seems to be no harm done in this case. Just don't let it happen again. Now, let's step into my office. He should be awake by now."

Simon Selco, who had been edging slowly towards the door on his hands and knees, jumped to his feet and hurried back, standing at attention. He wasn't disappointed, as the three men came through the door almost straight away. Selco saluted, and the General returned the salute, before sitting down.

"Please Simon, take a seat."

At this, the general extended an arm to the chair opposite him. Selco hesitated for but a second, before taking the seat offered to him. The other two men, One of a large, Muscular build, and who Selco recognized as the man who had knocked him out in the mess, he recognized as the colonel who the general had been talking to. The other was a thin reedy man, who Selco recognized as a Captain.

"Simon." Began the general, reclaiming Selco's attention.

"As you know, you have been with the United States Marine Corps. For over 10 years. During this time, you have proven yourself time and time again. Your Courage and selflessness have saved many lives, and, in time, I have no doubt that you will save many more. At the present, however, these qualities have volunteered you for a Special mission. You, along with these two gentlemen behind me,"

At this, the general gestured over his shoulder

"Have been selected to go on a special mission. As we can only spare Two officers for this, and they will be required to stay on ship to co-ordinate the mission you will be on, we will require great leadership from our Enlistedmen. You are henceforth promoted to Sergeant Major. You will be the ranking marine, bar these two gentlemen behind me. Your disappearance will be easily explained. As far as everyone you know is concerned, you have been killed in action during a routine mission. You were ambushed by the covenant, and overpowered."

At this, Selco started. As far as everyone was concerned, he was dead. His parents would be in mourningâ€¦ his girlfriend would move on... in time they would come to forget him.

The General gave him a full minute to let this sink in, before he again started talking.

"Your mission will be this. You, will be onboard our latest, state of the art ship. You will Jump deep into covenant territory. Your mission, is to covertly set up a base of operations on the far side of the galaxy. Should you succeed, you will undertake guerrilla warfare on the covenant, using the smaller ships in the bays to fly to nearby planets. But enough about that, it can be explained in greater detail by the good colonel here at a later date. You will board the ship, Novus' Lightning, The NL for short, at 0600 Hours Tomorrow. Dismissed."

## 2. Invasion

\_Authors Note:\_ \_Next chapter is the big one! where all the action begins! I know it's a bit boring at the moment but i have to set the scene a little bit first!\_

\* \* \*

>The rest of the afternoon passed like a blur. One moment, Selco was walking out of the general's office, the next he was sitting down in the mess, but before he knew it, he was setting his alarm clock to wake him in the morning with time to spare, and climbing into bed. He lay awake, wondering what the next few months could bring. His thoughts were so deep that he didn't notice as they slowly passed into dreams.<p><p>

Selco's eyes flitted open to a wailing klaxon. It took a moment for it to sink in that it was much too loud to be his alarm, but when it did, he sat bolt upright. The alarm could mean only one thing. Invasion.

Selco jumped out of bed, yanked open his drawers, and pulled out his uniform, the only thing he had left. The rest of his clothes were already on board the \_Novus' Lightning\_, along with most of his belonging, including his sidearm.

Dressed in his uniform, complete with the new insignia of Sergeant major, Selco dashed out of the room, but almost immediately ducked back in. At the end of the corridor was a lone Elite, dressed in the black armour of a special ops elite. These were the fittest and

possibly most dangerous of the covenant soldiers to date. The Elite had been looking in to a room, and so hadn't seen him, but it was slowly making it's way toward him.

Selco glanced around his room. The bare walls, the bed, the desk—nothing he could use to defend himself. All he could do was wait. He heard some guns fire, the roar of an elite, and the sound of plasma hitting walls. This quickly died away, and the sound of footsteps resumed. The footsteps stopped outside his door, and the click of the handle being turned. Selco put his hands behind his back, and prepared for the end.

It never came. Instead, two young marines strode through the door, one with another gun slung over his back. Both Saluted, and Selco returned the salute with a grin. Selco recognized one of the marines as the private he had yelled at the previous day. The marine opened his mouth to speak, but no words came out, and he shut his mouth again. The other marine, noticing something was wrong with his comrade, cut in.

"Sergeant Major! We've been sent to escort you to the \_Novus' Lightning\_ post-haste! First sergeant Luto and his team distracted that elite back there so we could come to get you!"

At this point, the young man pulled the second gun, a military issue Combat Shotgun off his shoulder, and a pistol out of the holster, and handed them to Selco. The private, finally finding his voice, started to talk. Si.. Sergeant Major, you'd better take these, We've got covenant crawling all over the base."

Selco took the guns from the second marine. He slid the pistol into the holster at his hip, and held the shotgun to the light, giving it a quick inspection. Finding the weapon to his satisfaction, he let the weapon fall to his side with one arm.

"Ok. I'm Ready. Let's go."

### 3. Memories Rekindled

Selco, gun at the ready, jumped around the corner, closely followed by the two privates. They ran down the corridor for about a hundred metres before coming to an intersection. Without pause, Selco turned right, towards the hangars, and came face to face with an Elite and his grunt entourage in the process. However, with the comfort of steel in his hands, his military training took over.

The Elite, still stunned by a human barrelling around the corner, could only watch in dismay as Selco stabbed the barrel of the shotgun to his chest, and pulled the trigger, sending a spray of pellets through the Elites Chest, chewing straight through the shield, Armour, and Flesh with ease. Before the Elite hit the floor, Selco had spun into the nearest grunt. Letting the hand supporting the gun fall away, He clubbed the grunt over the head with the barrel.

He turned to the last grunt, and froze. The grunt was standing, with it's plasma pistol fully charged, and aimed at his gut.

"Bye-Bye, Human!" it squeaked.

Selco could only watch as the ball of molten plasma was fired from the gun. Or, at least, it would have, had the young private not chosen that moment to unload a clip into the grunt. Selco took the cue, and dived to the side. The spray of bullets swung across the head of the grunt, then down across the arm, effectively severing both. The ball of plasma splashed against the wall, leaving a charred hole.

Selco stood up, gazing across the fallen bodies. Apart from Selco's two kills, both of the marines had made one apiece. A bit further up the hall lay the remains of a Fire Team that Selco recognized as Sergeant Luto's.

Selco paused in shock. Luto had been a friend of Selco's Since back in training, or, as most people hear it called, Boot Camp. Luto was the one that always laughed, and never complained. What was more, he, along with Selco, was one of the few survivors of Rikto. Those few who had survived the Rikto Incident were like brothers. Their numbers had been reduced over the years, until only two had remained. Luto was the one whoâ€¦ \_No!\_ Selco Forced those thoughts out of his head. Rikto was a hell-hole. His thoughts Dwelled there often enough in his slumber, without being reminded of it in his waking hours.

Selco turned around, and looked to the two marines. "Good work you two, now, Lets Go." He said, as he jogged towards the hangar.

"Uh, Sergeant Major. The \_Novus' Lightning\_ is the other way."

Selco stopped, and slowly turned around.

"ohâ€¦ ok then. You lead the way, private. I'll follow behind you."

Selco turned to look atthe other marine"You take the back."

Both Privates nodded, before the first jogged off in the direction of the \_Novus' Lightning\_, \_Followed by Selco, Gun at the ready, and finally, the last private. As Selco Jogged, he said a silent goodbye to Sergeant Matt Luto, USMC. Even through the sorrow, Selco couldn't help but think;

'\_And then there was One.\_'

The trip to the Ship was largely uneventful. They ran into another Lone Elite, and a pair of grunts not much later, but apart from that, all they did was run. Eventually, the trio burst out into the open. The leading private pointed upwards.

"And there, Sergeant major, is the \_Novus' Lightning\_. Pride of the fleet."

Selco's Breath was taken away by the sheer Beauty of the ship. She was like nothing he had ever seen. Shaped like a Drop of water, with 6 massive engine pods, The \_Novus' Lightning\_ Dwarfed the Covenant Cruisers Swarming around her. Suddenly, a brilliant explosion of white light burst forth from the Hull of the ship. It smashed into the Covenant Cruisers swarming around it in the carnage.

The \_Novus' Lightning\_, one of the last things defending the planet, and, indeed, one of the last hopes of Mankind, was gone. In one

Brilliant explosion, it was gone. In the Dusk of the planet, he sank to his knees, staring into the smoke.

Then, a faint outline appeared through the smoke. Selco stared, not daring to believe it, but, sure enough, there was the \_Novus' Lightning\_, now shooting normally, as the remainder of the covenant fleet retreated. As he gazed in wonder, he saw a small dot fall off the ship. He watched it for a full minute, before he realized what it was.

The Private who he had led him to this spot turned around, smiling.

"well, it looks like they've spotted us now. well, while we wait, I'm Private Dan Russo. this here is Private Jim Jones. He's still a bit nervous after that run in the other day."

Selco turned to the other marine, Private Jones.

"Marine. you did good back there. you saved my life. Thanks."

Private Jones smiled." it's fine, Sergeant major. Don't worry about it."

Smiling, selco gazed up at the \_Novus' Lightning once more.\_

End  
file.